

Fire Within

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Summary: Jenna's never needed anyone...what happens when she does? (One-shot, flameshipping)

Chapter 1: Fire Within

Well, here I go again. This time, with a one-shot. It's Golden Sun (not my usual style), but I like it. Please tell me if you do!

Apologies-I'm sorry if you don't think I've done the game justice. I've never written GS, flameshipping or a one-shot before. If you hate it, go ahead and flame. But remember- I did say sorry up here!

Disclaimer-I do not own Jenna, Garet, Felix, Isaac, or Mia.
Nor do I own flameshipping.

[Tinder] You could have just said you didn't own the characers or relations, stupid.

...those too. $\sim$ ^

Well, on to it!

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Jenna sat on her window seat, legs tucked up beneath her, gazing out onto the open sea. True, she was a fire adept, and she had never felt a liking for water, but she felt that here...now, in this moment, on this seat...she was safe.

Not that she had anything to worry about, anything to hide from. There was nothing that scared her-everyone knew that. She was Jenna, after all-bold Jenna, strong Jenna, fearless Jenna. Fearsome, even. Especially by those easily teased...Ivan...Felix...Garet...

Garet, she thought, as she drew her legs in closer to herself. The name was music to her ears, a song in her heart...it was so refreshing, every moment with him. He was so unpredictable-she never knew whether he'd catch on right away, have to had things slow down, or did something off-guard, or clumsy. *Usually clumsy*, she thought to herself with a smile. It was always fun to watch him do something completely out of line, like drop something, or hurt himself in some way...Jenna had once wondered if he would be alive if it hadn't been for Mia's healing.

Mia's so lucky, she thought, as she looked downwards, towards the deck. Mia and Isaac were sitting on the rail of the boat, holding hands, watching over the moonlit waters and looking up toward the diamond-filled sky. Jenna sighed. She could always be jealous of Mia, but never mad. Mia had done things to the crew that no one would ever be able to repay her for, except perhaps Isaac. It wasn't just a matter of healing scratches, blows of swords and burns. Mia had always, *always* been there for everyone. She had always given an ear or a piece or encouragement. She was, as her name described, a type of angel. Mia was the best friend Jenna could of hoped for, and found. And although Jenna could always get a jealous flare towards her for finding something she wished to have found, she could never be seriously angry at her.

It's almost like with Felix, she thought. Felix, the serious big brother he was, could always be annoyed with her-but they were tied by unbreakable bonds, and could not get mad at each other. Yes, Jenna teased. Felix got annoyed. But after awhile, Jenna started doing this merely out of habit, as if it were a game...their code for communicating, about such ridiculous things; How she was using her staff... Where the food had gotten to...Why on earth she was constantly hanging around Garet...

She had soon realised that it had become obvious to her brother (who perhaps had come to know her a little too well) that she liked Gareth. Perhaps it was the blushing, or the trying to help him whenever possible...

But Jenna could not have risked it. This was hard Jenna, strong Jenna. Yes, she had emotions. For happiness, of course. For sarcasticness, yes. For hurt, maybe. Rarely. This was not a part of her she liked to show-the vulnerable, weak side. She did not want to let someone in, to let someone hurt her...

But she did. As ironic, as stupid as that sounded...*I do*, she thought. She wanted someone who would understand, who could console her, who could give her something she'd been hoping to experience...

Jenna realised that there was now a fresh tear rolling down her window. *Stupid water...* she thought, wiping it away with her sleeve. She knew this, she knew all or it. Why was it all flooding back now?

She thought back. Not way back, just to earlier that day. Gareth had been leaning over the banister of the boat, gazing into the water. Jenna had come over to sit beside him.

What are you looking at? She'd asked. She had been surprised-Gareth usually hated water with a passion. But there he was, examining the water with such a fascination that it was intriguing to wonder his thoughts.

Look at it, Jenna. It's so...wet. And yet, there's so much life to it. The fish, and the plants, and all those...other things you find down there...

Other things? Jenna had asked sarcastically. *You mean those vicious sea-monsters?*

Hey, I'm serious. What if something happened to one of our friends? No one but us likes to blame the water...

*Whoa, wait a minute. Jenna had thought of something
Garet, you don't think something's going to happen to
anyone, do you?*

*I don't know...I just want to make sure everyone stays safe.
I don't want to lose any of you, you know?*

Jenna, at this point, recalled something almost painful. She looked up from the water to see Garet looking upon her with something that made her feel both happy and uncomfortable. She didn't know what it was...he didn't normally look at her like that. In fact, she couldn't recall him looking at *anyone* like that. Or anyone looking at her like that. Jenna hadn't liked it. She hadn't liked the feeling that she wasn't in control.

She had gotten up abruptly. She almost knocked into him as she mumbled something about having to go do something. She saw the smile vanish from his face, and his eyes drop down once more into the water.

Jenna winced as she remembered this memory. She didn't mean to upset Garet. She just didn't want him to think she needed protection. She was strong. She didn't need anyone to look over her. True, it would be nice to have his hand in hers, or his arm around her waist...

*Here I go again, she thought, going off on my Garet
daydreams. First she would imagine his arm around her
waist, and then his leaning towards her, and then him
saying something utterly romantic...*

*This is the best thing about daydreaming, she thought, a tad
light-headed, it can be any way I want it to be.*

Jenna sighed. Her breath made a fog on the window pane, and she absent-mindedly drew a heart on it with her finger. She was soon absorbed in her daydream, willing it to be real...*if only*, she thought wistfully. She closed her eyes-his arm was still wrapped around her waist, and soon he would offer her something, a token of his love...

Jenna opened her eyes to find a cup of hot chocolate gripped by Gareth's hand in her favourite mug. She took it happily...sometimes it was so nice to get caught up in a daydream...

She took the liquid to her lips, and drank. The liquid was very, very hot, and it made her realise something.

She wasn't daydreaming.

Jenna looked up, above her shoulder. She saw Gareth, who was also staring into the night sky. She looked down-he had his arm around her waist.

Jenna did not know what to do. She felt confused, but reassured...like she was lost, with someone who knew exactly where they were going. It was too peaceful to be real, too perfect...which made Jenna conclude,

"But you're not...real..." she whispered, still at peace with the world. "You're just a part...of my silly daydream..."

Gareth smiled. "You were daydreaming about me?" he asked, brushing a lock of hair behind her shoulder.

"Tell me, Jenna, " he asked quietly, caressing the side of her face with his fingertips. "Does it feel real?"

That was when Jenna knew. She could not understand how she did not see it before, how she could've missed it, how it

came as such a slap to her face at this moment. It was real. She could ignore it, joke about it, try to stamp it out, but it was there. It would always be there.

"It's real," she whispered, and she longed to dive into his arms, to hug him, to hold onto him...but alas, she couldn't. He didn't know how she felt, he wouldn't know. She couldn't let him.

Or could she?

"What's real?" Gareth asked, a small smile on his face. It was not a smirk-it was a real, genuine smile that made Jenna feel warm all over. He had asked, because she had not said "You're real," she had said "It's real." Gareth had a pretty clear idea of what she was talking about, but to just hear it, to hear this from Jenna-that was all he wanted, that was all he'd ever wanted.

"The love," she breathed softly. She had not meant for him to hear it-this was only her thinking aloud, mumbling as she always did.

But he'd heard her, and she knew he had from the expression he wore that she had. She blushed slightly, and got up swiftly. She felt Gareth's grip on her break. Putting the mug down on the table, she turned to leave. But something held her back.

No, not something. *Someone*.

"Jenna...please don't leave. There's something we should talk about. Because if you feel this way..."

Jenna turned around-he'd nailed it. She held her breath as he finished his sentence.

"...then we have to talk."

Jenna's attention was now turned to his hand, which was patting the empty space besides him on the window seat. She sat down soundlessly, not taking her eyes off him. He stared relentlessly back, then spoke.

"Jenna, if you do...love...me, " he said, "then I can't say I'm not surprised. After all that teasing, all that junk..."

Jenna lowered her eyes to the floor-this did not seem to be going in the direction she wanted it to go.

"...but if you do, I'm afraid there's not much I can do or say to make you feel better. There's almost nothing I can do..."

Jenna looked up, her planet-like eyes filled with rain. He didn't feel the same way. She felt him move closer as she turned once again to the floor. And then, as she was about to let the tears pour out, she felt a hand cup her chin, tilting her face upwards...and a voice, saying

"...but I can do this."

At this moment, Jenna felt his lips press against hers. At first she pulled away, but Garet's arm was on her waist, and she found herself relenting. More than that...

She found herself kissing him back.

And then...

She withdrew.

Her hands were locked around his neck, and his, behind her back. She did not move her hands, nor did he move his. He wondered why she stopped it, but it wasn't something that

bothered him. It was something that wondered him. Jenna looked at him with a mixture of confusion and fear in her eyes, and Gareth didn't mind-he had her, he would help her if she needed it, if she needed to know she could trust him...

"I can't do this..." she whispered. She couldn't. She was Jenna...she was strong, she wasn't weak, she wouldn't hurt, she wouldn't let someone in, she wouldn't...

"But you can, Jenna. I'm right here. Just...fall. I'll catch you. You know I will."

And he looked at her with such comfort, with such assurance, that she knew. She knew that she could let him in. It was like, all her life she had known it. All her life, it had been there.

So she leaned in and kissed him again. And they fell asleep in each other's arms, on the window seat on their boat, only to be awoken by Felix's cry of shock the next morning.